

Antonine Lament

'What's on your mind Andrius?' the System asks. Well.. Ah say in reply, ye dinnae ken! Ye cannae intrepert the signs! Oor Vyce, your trouble. Ah cum fae the borderlands o ancient tongues that are lost, speakin wan o many, mingled up, no machine-translation. Ah want tae live in AI artificial dark ages wi-oot ony fingerin fae the ootside o ma consciousness. Decipher whit ye can but dinnae expect compliance fae the Picts or the Gaels or auld Brythonic swamp lands. Time is sinkin fast intae haar waterways that Manannán, nay, Manau or Manaw stalked, wi their cloaks o mist, they telt invaders tae fuck right aff! Build yer wa or doors wi anti-crypto keys if ye want tae, cos Ahll seep thru them! Ah can wrap an twist such thouchts faster than ony bodies, Roman or Californian; British Establishment, yer kiddin me, no? Bot or finger typt thru the ages: Roedd Antonius yn enaid bach llawen.. An ye huv only ornate dreams o data colonialism. Who kent whit the Maeatae tribe thocht o it aw lookin ower fae Dumyat at the wee tottie beasties sparklin in the sun, glints o helmet or shield across the Firth o Forth. They saw the horses, the metal forms, the bindins tae leather, squares, straight lines, stone, and mibbe thocht: Ahll hae nain o that in oor Pictish minds, they tongues ur curved. We will spiral. An they resisted, so they did.

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